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LOUDON, TENNESSEE, AUGUST 16, 1854.

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LOUDON:

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16.

Albany, August 5.—The steam engine works of Skinner & Co., at Nunda, Livingston county, were blown up on Tuesday morning. One man was killed, and several others, including Mr. Paine, were severely wounded. The explosion occurred at the foot of the boiler, which was being repaired. The cause of the explosion is not yet ascertained.

Niagara Falls, August 5.—There is a large number of visitors here. The cholera has entirely disappeared from the vicinity of the Suspension Bridge. Perfect health has prevailed at the Clifton House. Not a single case of cholera there this season. The same may be said of the Cataract and other hotels. Strangers are arriving in large numbers.

Sweet Potatoes.

New sweet potatoes made their first appearance in the Richmond market about a week ago. The Norfolk Beacon of Wednesday last says: "Sweet potatoes in small lots have been shipped to Richmond, Baltimore and New York, from this market. They bring \$3 per barrel."

M. DELANDE, of Paris has presented an invention which consists in certain processes for producing a new metallic alloy similar to silver in appearance, and intended to supersede it in various applications. Tin forms the base of the composition, and to prepare it the inventor calcines it two or three times with saltpetre, and reduces the calcined part to powder, which is melted down in a crucible. When in a fluid state it is purified by being mixed with charcoal powder, the clear part being drawn into another crucible, ready for use.

PROOF POSITIVE.—The young woman who ate a dozen peaches, half a dozen apples, the same number of pears, three raw tomatoes, and a half pint of plums, within a half a day, says she knows "fruit ain't wholesome."

Judge PERCELL, of the Court of Probate, Washington city, has delivered his opinion in the Doctor Gardiner case, appointing the Treasurer of the United States the administrator, on the ground that the Government is, *prima facie*, the largest creditor—to the amount of \$400,000. This is adverse to the application of Messrs. Bradley and Carlisle, who claim to be creditors on the said estate. The Judge remarked that the Treasurer might be regarded as one of the trustees of the Treasury to protect its rights. Messrs. Bradley and Carlisle have appealed to the Circuit Court.

The Senate has confirmed the appointment of ROBT. B. CAMPBELL, of Texas, to be Consul of the United States, for the port of London, in England, *vice* GEORGE N. SANDERS; ROGER BARNEY, of Mississippi, to be Consul of the United States for the port of Havana, in the island of Cuba, in the place of ALEXANDER M. CLAYTON, resigned, and SAMUEL H. MOSTOWERY, of Arkansas, to be agent for the Indians in New Mexico.

CORRECT VIEWS OF LIFE.—The best cure for misanthropy is practical philanthropy. The best way to guard against narrowness is to do liberal deeds. The best way to make money a source of personal peace is to share it as generously as you can with others, to invest where it will pay interest in the smiles of the relieved, or the affection of the benefited.—Somehow, as a general rule, the most disinterested people are the most cheerful. We knew a thoroughly unselfish person once, a person who seemed ever thinking of those connected with and around her, who bore serenely for years and years, cares and troubles enough to have made life tragical indeed; and yet a stranger would have thought her exempt from anxiety and sorrow.

A RUMSELLER ARRESTED UNDER A NEW LAW.—The Pennsylvania Legislature at its last session enacted a law authorizing the friends of an inebriate to give notice to an inkeeper not to sell the inebriate person any more liquor.—By virtue of this act, Mayor Conrad of Philadelphia held the keeper of a public house for trial, for selling liquor to an intoxicated man who died in consequence of such intoxication.—The accused offered in defence that he was not at home when the liquor was sold, and that it was sold by his bar tender. The Mayor replied that his absence would not avail to screen him, as his bar keeper acting as his agent, made him responsible.

WORMS IN AN OYSTER.—The Springfield Post says, if you open an oyster and retain the liquor upon a deep shell, on examining it with a microscope, you will find it full of little oysters floating about, one hundred and thirty of which only cover an inch; you will also perceive in it a variety of animalcules, and myriads of worms of three distinct species, gambolling in the fluid.

A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER.—The Dahlia is a native of the marshes of Peru, and was named after Dahlia, the famous Swedish botanist. It is more than thirty years since its introduction into Europe, and it is now the universal favorite of florists. The number of known varieties is about five hundred.

The Knoxville Register.—Mr. Bell.

We have observed with regret that recently this old, and once influential and popular whig journal, betrays unmistakable evidences of having fallen into the hands of a clique whose manifest determination is to endeavor to hunt down Mr. BELL. Two articles have recently appeared in it, so replete with the rancor of political and personal enmity, so stuffed with misrepresentations of facts in the shape of forced inferences from mere fragments of the truth, that, but for the same names being still at its head, we would have supposed its editorship had passed into the hands of the vilest locofoco in the land. These articles are based, not on anything Mr. BELL has done—not for any special act of infidelity to his whig principles—but are conceived in snarling and snappish fault-finding with him "generally" through a series of years past. In the blindness of his venom, the writer forgets that even were his gross perversions of Mr. BELL's political history true, the faults alleged have been washed out in the absolutism granted by the people of Tennessee, in a re-election of him by their representatives to the Senate, in obedience to the general universal wish of the State.

That a journal known and recognized for so many years as a staunch whig journal, should, at this particular juncture, lend itself to such an object as is evident a cabal about Knoxville have in view, is most lamentable. There is trouble enough in our ranks, growing out of the division in sentiment of our delegation on the Nebraska bill, without having added to it the excitement of ignoble private, personal motives. We are free to say that on that measure Mr. BELL voted differently from what we could wish he had voted, if he could have honestly done so with his convictions. We are fully persuaded that DOUGLAS, in introducing the question, had in view chiefly his own aggrandizement as an aspirant for the Presidency; but, once inevitably in Congress on its merits, we would have voted for it. But we do not question for a moment the motives of those who voted against it, and we are not stupid enough to let that one difference of opinion weigh against a past history of accordance in sentiment and principle, and a pre-eminent capability of valuable public service.

A squabble among whigs on account of this Nebraska bill, is precisely what our political adversaries are panting and thirsting for. Our good Administration supporting neighbors of the "Appeal," have been trying a small experiment in the line of getting up such a squabble, by republishing Gov. JONES' speech, and speaking of him as flatteringly as their party predilections ever allows them to speak of any whig. We know that Gov. JONES understands that game "like a book," and is not to be caught with any such chaff. But the "Register" out-herds the "Appeal." It is offering to do the Appeal's dirty work of fomenting a family quarrel in the bosom of the whig party in Tennessee; so much better than it could itself, that we shall lose all faith in our neighbor's tact and good taste, if he does not yield the field to his Knoxville ally. It is a burlesque sort of business, which is not congenial to our neighbors, had democrats as they are; and we expect nothing else but to see him hold up, until the "Register" clique shall have exhausted their small stock of transparent malevolence.

They who may expect to get up a tremendous hubbub in Tennessee over these Nebraska votes, through which they may put down old and faithful workers in the whig ranks, and foist themselves in their places, will find themselves deceived. Having confidence in the honesty of motive and patriotism of judgment of their Senators and Representatives, the people will not be disposed to proscribire any of them, on either side. More especially will they not do so, since the passage of the bill has removed this disturbing and agitating question from the general political discussion of the country, and placed it where it ought to be; with the people of the Territories. The "Register" may become a full-blooded locofoco journal, or the mere mouth-piece of a clique of small potato politicians, but it can never destroy or damage the high estimation in which JONES BELL is held by the genuine and true whigs of Tennessee and of the Nation.—[Memphis Eagle and Enquirer.]

"JOHN BELL" KNOCKS UNDER AT LAST.

The Albion says:—"We must haul down the winner's colors from the Corned steamship Arabia, and transfer them to the Baltic of the Collins line. The passage of the latter from Liverpool, which ended at an early hour on Saturday morning last, we performed in four minutes less time than that of the Arabia, hence to Liverpool, in June of last year, previously the fastest on record. This is the precise truth, though the particulars are crowded out."

Game of all sorts is said to be unusually plenty out in Minnesota this season. The same may be said of Illinois. In the neighborhood of Galena, in season, quail may be brought at the maximum price of twenty-five cents a dozen—almost as cheap as the Israelites got hold of them in the desert.

The Hartford Times mentions a farmer who took up a fence after it had been standing four years, and found some of the posts nearly rotten, and others rotted off at the bottom.—Looking for the cause, he discovered that the posts which had been inverted from the way they grew were solid, and those which had been set as they grew were rotted off. This is certainly an incident worth being noted by our farmers.

The entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine small children? The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

A Fitting Tribute to Woman.

The following extract from a speech delivered in the California Senate by Mr. Soule, is touchingly beautiful. The subject was a bill authorizing women to act as sole traders.—There are married men out of California as well as in it, who may look in that glass and see themselves: When I reflect upon the conduct of many married men in California—their faithlessness to every vow which they made at the altar—how completely they fail in performance of their duties—how virtuous and industrious, faithful and patient women are imposed upon by worthless brutes of husbands, as great tyrants at home and drunkards and debauchees abroad, my respect for the sex prompts me to do all within my power, to protect her rights and secure her happiness.

I love woman, I have loved her all my life, and dying, hope to be faithful to the same high and inspiring sentiment. For amid all the varied scenes, temptations, struggles and hopes existence, one star, brighter than all others, has lighted and guided me onward; if I ever had any high and noble ambition, the exciting energy has been in the approving smile coming from the eye of woman. And I judge her influence is thus upon others. Gentle in her affections, yet mighty through her influence—her mild rule is as powerful as the ballot box, and she only needs the protection of law against those who have no law in their habits and propensities. She has ruled me from my boyhood with the soft and winning influence of her virtue and beauty.

I remember my first love; my baby affections at four years of age. I have been in love nearly every month since—save the dark and rayless days and years which succeeded the desolate heart and made the heart too desolate.—And never, sir, while I remember my mother, long since in her grave—I remember the night when she died—never while I recollect my sisters, and the abuses that might have been theirs—never while I hold in memory one other—and her memory is all that is left me—shall I refuse to give my voice and my influence and my vote, for any measure necessary to protect and cherish the weaker and better portion of creation against the oppression, neglect or abuse of my own sex. I hope the bill may pass.

LOOKING AHEAD.—"Ma," said an urchin of six years, climbing up into his mother's lap, "I wish I was old enough to be married." "Good gracious! what does the child mean?" ejaculated the astonished parent. "Why, I'd have some wedding cake, then—as much as I could eat. O cracker, wouldn't it be top?"

COLUMBIA AND HAMBURG RAILROAD.—At a meeting of the "citizens of Columbia," held on Thursday, it was resolved that the Corporation be instructed to subscribe \$800,000 to the capital stock of the Columbia and Hamburg Railroad Company, on condition that \$400,000 of the capital stock be subscribed besides the subscription by the Corporation; and that the town of Columbia have the right of locating the depots and workshops necessary to be constructed in the town.

NOT AT HOME.—"Is Mr. Bluster within?" "No he is out of town," said the servant. "When can I see him?" "I don't know; have you any special business with Mr. Bluster?" "Yes, there is a small bill which I have to settle." "Well," said the servant, "I don't know whether he will return this week or not." "But I wish to pay the bill, as I am to leave town immediately." "Oh! you wish to pay him some money?" he is up stairs, I'm thinking; I will call him. Please to walk into the drawing room; take a chair, sir; your hat, if you please; Mr. Bluster will be with you in a moment!"

BAD STATE OF MORALS.—The New Orleans Delta makes the following melancholy confession of the condition of affairs in that city.

"Although the murders in New Orleans will average one in every twelve hours, this (the conviction of Frank Smith for the murder of his wife) is the second conviction, without qualification, for eight years. There is a fault somewhere, and it should be remedied. So many murders, assassinations, fights, drowning, and 'found dead,' should lead to some endeavors for their stoppage. As it is, no one is ever found guilty of murder here, and those who are convicted of manslaughter are only sent to Baton Rouge for a term of years. We hope the wrong will be remedied, but have no reason to suppose that it will be. A Jury cannot be empanelled in New Orleans who will find any man guilty of murder, if they can help it. The universal judgment is: 'Every man take care of himself.'"

CLOSED CHURCHES.—The New York Day Book says: Attention is very generally attracted to the circumstance, that a large number of the churches in this city are now closed. The most wealthy and fashionable establishments in particular. Now, we have to remark that there is no kind of necessity for this. There are hundreds of young divines, just entering on the ministry, who would be too happy to preach in these vacant pulpits. But the truth is, these pampered clergymen "bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne." They do not like to have any one preach to their congregations but themselves, and so when pestilence is walking in the noon day and the dying need every consolation, these pious gentlemen are off in the country fishing or bathing.

A PATIENT HUSBAND.—An eastern editor thus describes in rhyme, the patience of a husband with whom he is acquainted:

"He never said a word,  
But with a look of deepest melancholy,  
He sat, like patience on an Ottoman,  
Waiting for his wife to put her bonnet on."

To make a Russian name—imitate the 'chug of a bull frog, give one sneeze and say 'ski.'"

The Shadow of Life.

We have rarely met with anything more beautiful, than the following, which we find in the New York Mirror of a recent date:

"All that live must die,  
Passing through Nature to eternity."  
Men seldom think of the great event of Death until the dark shadow falls across their own path, bidding forever from their eyes the face of the loved one whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of Life; and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton in all our feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and with Charles Lamb, we do not wish to lie down in the mouldy grave, even with kings and princes for our bedfellows. But the fiat of Nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or reprieve from the great Law that dooms us all to dust.

We flourish and fade like the leaves of the forest, and the frailest flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold on life than the mightiest monarch that has ever shook the earth by his footsteps. Generations often appear and vanish like the grass; and the countless multitude that swarm the world to day will to morrow disappear like footprints on the shore.

"Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
Each trace will vanish from the sand."

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. It is Nature's prophecy of the life to come. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to Fate, his betrothed Cleonarch asks if they shall not meet again. To which he replies, "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal; of the flowing streams that lucid flow forever; of the stars amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All, all were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face I feel there's something in the love which mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again Cleonarch."

A tailor in London has been fined thirty shillings for making a coat with cloth buttons!—An act of Parliament of George III. enacts that every coat must have brass buttons, and the act being still in force, the magistrate had no option but to inflict the fine.

"FREE TRADE AND SAILORS' RIGHTS.—How dear that old motto! Time has not impaired its value. We are informed that the President sent the treaty concluded last Saturday with Russia to the Senate yesterday, and that before the adjournment of that body it was unanimously ratified. This, we believe, is unprecedented despatch in the co-ordinate branch of the treaty-making power; and is perhaps attributable to the high estimate in which the stipulations of the treaty are held by each senator. Shoulder to shoulder every true American will be found standing, in all coming time, in support of the glorious old motto, 'Free trade and sailors' rights.' For obtaining for it efficient support in a quarter not anticipated, each will exclaim to the members of the administration and of the Senate, 'Well done, good and faithful servants.'"  
[Washington Union.]

OUTRAGEOUS ABANDONMENT OF THE U. S. MAIL.—We find the following in the Council Bluffs Eagle. Cannot the General Government ascertain the facts and punish the delinquents, if true?

We have information from undoubted authority that the mail carriers to Utah are accustomed to throw away much of the paper mail after getting away up the Platte, and that there was a number of bags thrown away or abandoned, or thrown into a cave just above Fort Kerney and in other places on the route. Is the Government paying men for destroying the mail this way? It might be done cheaper at Independence before starting.

SOLDERING SALT.—CHLORIDE OF ZINC AND AMONIUM.—Vessels may be tinned with this salt without previously cleansing their surfaces. It is made by dissolving 1 lb. zinc in muriatic acid, adding 2 ozs. sal ammoniac to the solution and evaporating to dryness; the yield is 2 lbs. of the double salt. To use it, the salt, moistened with water, is brushed on the surface to be tinned, a little solder laid on it here and there, and the surface heated until the solder fuses, when it flows wherever the salt was put, and unites with the metallic surface.

THE COFFEE TRADE.—The importers of Coffee at this port have in agreement with each other that on and after the first of August, they will sell coffee on 4 months credit, instead of 6 months, as has been the case heretofore. It is understood that all the importers have signed an agreement to this effect.

It is said to be a fact recorded, that during the visitation of cholera in France, out of nearly 16,228 subscribers to public baths of Paris, Bordeaux, and Marseilles, only two deaths among them were ascribed to cholera. There does not exist a more effectual preventive of disease of every kind, and a greater promoter of good health at all times than the practice of daily bathing.

THE TALKERS.—There are two classes of people who find their way through the world without eliciting serious notice—those who say too little and those who talk too much. There is still another class—a fusion of the above mentioned classes, who talk a great deal, but say nothing.

The Fincastle Whig, says the Corn in that section is suffering very much from the drought, and that if it continues a week longer the crop will be cut short at least one half.

For "London Free Press."

The Drunken Skeptic's Dream.  
'Twas on a dark and starless night,  
I heard and saw an awful sight,  
The lightnings flashed and thunders rolled,  
Above my dark benighted soul.

Me thought I saw the gulf below,  
Where all the dying drunkards go;  
My awful woe no one could tell,  
Above my place—the drunkard's hell.

I heard a voice call loud and long,  
Far down beneath that drunken throng:  
Come here young man we'll find you room,  
Because you read Tom Paine and Lume.

Then my sad soul was filled with grief,  
To think that I had no relief;  
Still drunk'd to sink in dark despair,  
And make my home forever there.

Then my poor trembling soul gave way,  
And sunk beneath where drunkards lay;  
And while I smelt their loathsome breath,  
I felt the awful sting of death.

The second death did pierce my soul,  
While scorching flames around me roll;  
And there I groined with old Voltaire,  
'Midst all the woes of dark despair.

I heard another mournful sound,  
Among a group still lower down;  
I raised my head and heard one tell,  
This is the place where Bacchus dwells.

Around him stood a weeping crowd,  
With blood-shot eyes and robes loud  
They gnash their teeth and sigh and groan,  
This is the whiskey seller's home.

Their awful groans did wake me up,  
And made me think of all my cups;  
They made me think of all I've done,  
Since I forsook the sober Son's.

I traveled on—got there at last,  
And tried to take a social glass;  
But every time I stir'd it well,  
I thought about the drunkard's hell.

I dashed it down and left the place,  
And went to seek redeeming grace;  
I bowed my knees to Jesus there,  
And raised my voice in humble prayer.

The very moment faith began,  
Ten thousand joys around me sprang;  
I felt like Paul who once did pray,  
Because my sins were washed away.

Then I went home to change my life,  
And see my long neglected wife;  
I found her weeping o'er the bed,  
Because her infant boy was dead.

I told her not to cry and weep,  
Because her babe had gone to sleep;  
His happy soul has fled away,  
To dwell with Christ in endless day.

I took her by her pale white hand,  
She was so weak she could not stand;  
I laid her down and breathed a prayer,  
That God would save and bless us there.

Then home became a happy place,  
While smiles played over my Mary's face;  
She said the Lord had answered prayer,  
And saved my soul from dark despair.

Forth I went to the Temperance Hall,  
To take the pledge among them all;  
They met me with a welcome hand,  
And took me in the Temperance band.

Five sober years have passed away,  
Since first I bowed my knees to pray;  
And still I live a sober life,  
With a good home and lovely wife.

O! may the Legislative hand,  
Enact good laws throughout the land;  
To stop old whiskey's onward course,  
From all the mountains to the coast.

Then whiskey shops will have to flee,  
And leave the land of Tennessee;  
Then all the people will be blest,  
With sober cares in every breast.

Bradley County, Aug. 4th 1854.  
\*To the Grocery.

PAPER OF WOOD.—Plinter & Smith, of Philadelphia, have realized the idea of Julius Roth, of Philadelphia, and made some paper entirely of wood. It is made by Mr. Roth's process, in which he has been experimenting for six years, and for which he has obtained a patent. The North Adams Transcript describes the product as strong and quite white; it is difficult to realize that it is, as it actually is, made entirely of wood.

The native grasses of southern Oregon are described as being so nutritious that cattle reduced to the last stages of leanness by the overland journey across the plains, become so fat in a brief time on the Oregon grass, as to render even moderate locomotion a positive annoyance!

An Irish editor, in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says: "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is not yet full."

ASSAULT ON THE PRESIDENT OF THE U. S. STATES.—Yesterday, upon the adjournment of the Senate, as the President of the United States was about leaving the Capitol, he was followed out and addressed by a person named James M. Jeffards, of Charleston S. C. As the President was leaving him, Jeffards threw a boiled egg which he had in his hand, striking the President on the back of his head and knocking his hat therefrom. The person who committed this wanton and most disgraceful assault upon the President of the United States, was immediately arrested by Capt. Dennington, who held an examination of the accused in the guard-room of the Capitol.—[Wash. Sentinel of Sunday morning.]

MAGNIFICENT WHEAT.—We have been shown some Genesee and Mediterranean wheat grown on the farm of Thomas Bennet, Esq., which averages four grains to the breast, and twelve breasts on a side, making in all ninety six grains to the head. This was the average of what was shown us, and we have seen nothing like it before in all the land.—[Scioto Gazette.]

We see it stated that the drought is disastrously affecting the tobacco crop in Mecklenburg and Halifax counties, Va.

"Four hostile newspapers," said the great Napoleon, "are more to be feared than a hundred thousand bayonets."

WILEY BLAIR.

WILEY BLAIR, the former owner of the property where Loudon is now situated was taken with a slight dysentery on Sunday evening after a small portion of green corn; he was howled away on six or eight times on Monday morning; on Tuesday he commenced puking and purging, medical aid was called in immediately; I was sent for about 9 or 10 o'clock he was very sick, but seemed not to be very dangerous, shortly slight cramping began in his extremities which were casually stopped, he had but little if any pain, his pulse grew weaker and he was regularly sinking with debility. In the evening all the doctors in town were sent for and every effort was made that medical skill could devise, every effort was made to encourage him but in vain, he appeared to feel certain he would not get well, he died about day-break, August 2nd 1854. From the time he was taken sick he commenced seeking the pardon of his sins, from the time I first saw him he not only continued to pray, but requested almost every one that visited him to pray for him. Wishing to encourage him and fearing I would alarm him, I said nothing on the subject of his preparing for death until I despaired of his recovery. He had been very restless all day and apparently in deep distress which I think was mostly on account of unpardoned sin. After conversing with him a while and presenting some of the gospel promises, I asked him if he could not believe the promises of God, he said he could, I then asked him if he was to die did he not believe God would save him, he hesitated but answered he did, he then looked in my face and his countenance wore an aspect of pleasure and calmness that caused me to hope that he had trusted his case into the hands of his blessed Saviour.

About this time the Doctors came with some medicine, he said he felt so well he did not want to take it. And after he had taken it and vomited it, I again conversed with him directing him to the Saviour, as the best physician; one that could cure the soul and body if it was His will that he should recover; that the condition of salvation was faith in the Saviour. He said he could and would give himself soul and body into his hands, he had become very calm, dropped into several short sleeps, and in a short time dropped into an imperfect sleep, which in a few hours resulted in the sleep of Death, of the disease called Cholera. Notwithstanding he done very wrong to put off such important business until so late an hour yet we hope in answer to his late an hour of others for the last months, and years, that God pardoned his sins, and that his immortal spirit can loudly sing "Saved by Grace." Wiley Blair was honest, honorable and liberal. His house was a home for the Ministers of Christ and his heart and purse were always open to the support of the Gospel of Christ; notwithstanding there were many liberal donations for erecting the C. P. Church yet we believe he gave more than any other person. He left a Wife and five interesting children who are entitled to the prayers and sympathies of all good Christians, besides he left a great many respectable relatives and friends to mourn his untimely death.  
JAS. JOHNSON.  
August 5th 1854.

Lubricating Substances.

Lubricating substances, as oil, and tallow, applied to rubbing surfaces, greatly lessen the amount of friction, partly by filling the minute cavities, and partly by separating the surfaces.—In ordinary cases, or where the machinery is simple, those substances are best for this purpose which keep their places best. Finely-powdered black lead, mixed with lard, is for this reason better for greasing carriage wheels than some other applications. Drying oils, as linseed soon becomes stiff by drying and are of little service. Olive oil, on the contrary, and some animal oils, which scarcely dry at all, are generally preferred. To obtain the full benefit of oil, the application must be frequent.

According to the experiments made with great care by Morin, at Paris, the friction of wooden surfaces on wooden surfaces is from one-quarter to one-half the force applied; not with the friction of metals one-fifth to one-seventh—varying in both cases with kinds used.—Wood on wood was diminished by lard to about one-fifth to one-seventh of what it was before; and the friction of metal on metal was diminished to about half what it was before; that is the friction became about the same in both cases after the lard was applied. To lessen the friction of greasy surfaces, lard is better than tallow by about one-eighth or one-seventh, and tallow is better than dry soap about as two is to one.—For iron on wood, tallow is better than dry soap about as five to two. For cast iron on cast iron, polished, the friction with the different lubricating substances is as follows:

Water,.....	31
Soap,.....	20
Tallow,.....	10
Lard,.....	7
Olive oil,.....	6
Lard and black lead,.....	5

When bronze rubs on wrought iron, the friction with lard and black lead is rather more than with tallow, and about one-fifth more than with olive oil. With steel on bronze, the friction with tallow and with olive oil is about one-seventh less than with lard and black lead. As a general rule, there is least friction with lard when hard wood rubs on wood, or metal on metal—being about the same in each of all these instances.

In simple cases, as with carts and wagons, where the friction at the axle is but a small portion of the resistance, a slight variation in the effects in the lubricating substance is of less importance than retaining its place. In more complex machinery, as horse powers for thrashing machines, friction becomes a very large item, unless the parts are well lubricated with the best materials.

Leather and hemp bands, when used on drums for wheel-work, should possess as much friction as possible, to prevent slipping, thus avoiding the necessity of tightening them so much as to increase the friction of the axles. Wood with a rough surface has one-half more friction than when worn smooth; hence moistening and rasping small drums may be useful. Facing with buff leather or with coarse thick cloth also accomplishes a useful purpose. It often happens that wetting the surfaces soft, and causing them to fit more closely the rough surface of the drum.—[Thomas' Farm Implements.]

"If the friction at the axle be one-twelfth of the force, and the diameter of the wheels ten times as great as the diameter of the axle, the friction at the axles will be reduced to one-twelfth of a tenth, or one hundred and twentieth part of the force, according to the law of velocities as applied to the wheel and axle."